

## R. Edgren's COLUMN

The Result of Cornell Game Not Very Cheering to Princeton and Yale, Both of Whom Have Been Entertaining Lively Hopes of Downing Harvard

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LAST year Cornell went to Cambridge and beat Harvard with a score of 10-0. Saturday the Ithacans went to Harvard again to play on Soldiers' Field. Cornell didn't claim that its team was the greatest ever seen in Ithaca. But it did count on beating Harvard again, because it was one of those well known facts that Harvard had lost many of her gridiron champions this year, and that Houghton was busy with baseball until a short time ago, and so there had been little time to perfect the "Houghton system" that had been so effective in former years.

And Harvard fairly cleaned up Cornell, score 23-0. In the fourth quarter Harvard put in practically a substitute team to give some of the subs a little experience. Harvard didn't want to let Cornell score, but Harvard wasn't at all worried over the possibility that the Ithacans would slip one over the goal line. Cornell's work was extremely ragged, but it was ragged because Harvard so far outclassed the invaders that they had no chance to get together and play their game.

The result of the Cornell game won't prove very cheering to Princeton and Yale, both of which institutions in football and minor branches of modern education have been entertaining lively hopes of downing Harvard next month. It is going to be more of a job than they expected.

Aside from the team play displayed by Harvard, the Crimson brought out a worthy successor to Mahan and Brickley in Eddie Casey. Funny how these Irish names will creep into all accounts of our greatest fighting game. Casey before the season is over will undoubtedly be as famous as any other player that ever carried a ball for Harvard. He seems to have the goods. He made a number of twenty-yard runs, and showed a knack of throwing off tacklers and keeping up his speed that will make him fully as dangerous as the great Mahan.

BROOKLYN will be a proud town this season. Besides winning the National League championship, Brooklyn has a sort of paternal interest in one of the greatest football players in the game. This is Eddie Driggs of Princeton. And, by the way, this will be a good year for Eddie. Eddie Casey, Harvard, and Eddie Driggs, Princeton, seem to be monopolizing the football news. Saturday Eddie Driggs saved Princeton from defeat by Dartmouth when he snatched up the ball on a fumble, like the famous Sammy White, and ran sixty-five yards for a touchdown. Driggs' action was so swift that he got away clean, and there wasn't a Dartmouth man to interfere with his run down field to the goal line.

JOE WOODMAN writes me that Sam Langford would like to fight Jess Willard. So would nearly any one. A share of the purse in a fight with Willard would probably be enough to buy Sam a meal ticket for life.

Woodman admits that Sam came back from South America with nothing but the experience and his shirt.

PRESS reports says that O'Hagan, an up-start middleweight, "has accepted \$10,000 purse to fight Al McCoy."

It is now up to Al McCoy to accept the "10,000" purse to fight O'Hagan. Afterward they can split the \$600 in real money and go home perfectly contented with life.

The report also states that O'Hagan expects to "be the world's middleweight title from McCoy."

If O'Hagan can do that he can make diamonds out of sawdust.

THERE'S a fellow over in Australia who has a real claim to that middleweight championship. He's Les Darcy, who has whipped more middleweights of real class than any other man living. Among his victims are Eddie McGorty, Jimmy Clabby, K. O. Brown, Jeff Smith, Buck Crouse and some other American invaders. He has a Fitzsimmons knack of knocking his men out.

The successful man usually is a self-controlled man.

He is moderate in his habit as well as in his speech.

He selects his food and drink with infinite care.

And his drink is very apt to be a very mild and mellow Whiskey—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!

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# BEST SHORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

## IF A GOLF BALL COULD TALK

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## Reviewing Princeton-Dartmouth Football Game

BUGS BAER SAYS:

By Bugs Baer.

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ABOUT the only thing the Princeton-Dartmouth game demonstrated was that a football scrimmage is no place for a high hat or any other fragile institutions. A dozing signal operator on the New Haven couldn't have piled up the works any better than they were piled up by the quarterbacks Saturday afternoon.

The game couldn't have been rehearsed very carefully, as the two teams were always bumping into each other and confusing things up like a new office boy.

Football folks who popped into the Palmer Stadium expecting a sample of football as open as Sing Sing under the Osborne administration were almost as surprised as Bill Bryan when Woody Wilson accepted his resignation. Princeton played the old-fashioned football, even including the \$2 at the gate. It was one of those games where a coach is often obliged to run out on the field and take one of his players off with a spoon.

Take a heavy corned lads who probably haven't missed a meal in twenty years, pour 'em into a stadium where the proprietor has a lot of influence with the police captain of that district, give 'em a lot of football rules to break, and the result would hardly be encouraging to a bird who thinks The Hague puts the sun out every morning and takes it in at night.

Dartmouth brought down a coterie of lads addicted to football who were as frail as aspen and every bit as nervous as acrobats. All of 'em were six feet high when they weren't flat on the ground, and those dolls played some football.

At that, the Princeton team weren't sleepies by quite a few keeps. Any one of 'em was big enough to slap an adult locomotive in the face and get away with it. Which isn't much to infer that the contest resembled a Bronx election. There were few penalties for thumping, although in several instances the boys swung from their hip pockets while the umpire appeared to be wondering who that was in cursive "way

up in the stands. On an average the game was just as free from slugging as a lightweight fight, which is reasonably pure.

The bird who built Palmer Stadium like a horseshoe was a slicker. Princeton won on one of those things when Driggs sunk his soup tongs in a forward pass and galloped a wholesale number of yards for a touchdown while the Dartmouth bunch seemed to be sleeping. Which ain't so much of a horseshoe at that, but simply some more evidence that pajamas weren't invented for the daytime.

The contest couldn't have been any closer if it had been Scotch. When it came to gaining ground by rushing, both teams were as powerless as a dictaphone in a boiler foundry. The punting of Driggs and Thibodeau was almost as identical as the Dolly sisters. Outside of one lucky play the ballhoney was even.

But luck must always figure. Al McCoy won the championship with one horseshoe swing. And if it hadn't been for that stuff Columbus might have missed America and landed in New Jersey.

A win's a win, no matter how it's perpetrated, which is the reason why the Princeton freshmen are galloping madly around under their funny little caps and hooting like surprised waitresses.

At a late hour last night the students were still staggering out of the village candy store.

Princeton is one of those hamlets where they build the railroad station handier to the tracks than to the town.

What surprises football fans is how a bird can be smeared all over the works and have so much left of him when he gets up.

Princeton's chances looked like the inside of an old boot during the first half, but Driggs' run made 'em shine like a young dime.

Neely does considerable execution with only one arm and a portion. He sticks the stump of his arm in his opponent's ear, turns it around and winds 'im up like a clock.

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The Princeton freshmen wear those sinister little caps about the size of postage stamps. They look as if they were going to be mailed somewhere any minute.

Both sides employed the Bertillon system of numbering the participants, which insured the safe delivery of the player home whether he goes Pullman or as baggage.

Fortunate thing for Princeton's chances that Driggs only has one arm. With two arms that bird could turn North America over on its back.

If the Dartmouth line can carry coal and chop wood like they can play football, some excuse can be found for the game.

Princeton would have gone easier if they had more signals for touchdowns.

Looks as if the great intellects of the nation were still unable to compound an anti-toxin to combat cheerleaders.

The Princeton cheerleaders must have a new system. We watched 'em carefully all afternoon and didn't see 'em sniff any.

Weather couldn't have been better unless it cheated.

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## Fistic News and Gossip

By John Pollock

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After considerable dickerings, a match has been clinched between Battling Levinsky and Carl Morris, the giant heavyweight of Oklahoma. All details for the bout were arranged to-day by Dan Morgan, manager of Levinsky, who received a telegram from the matchmaker of the Grand Avenue A. C. of Kansas City stating that he had accepted his terms for Levinsky, which calls for a guarantee of \$2,000, with an option of accepting 30 per cent. of the gross receipts. The contest will be fought on Nov. 16, and Levinsky will leave for Kansas City to-morrow, where he will get into condition for the go.

Joe Amodeo, the California lightweight, seems to have great luck in his bouts in Philadelphia. On Saturday night he won another newspaper victory by outpointing Charles "Kid" Thomas in a six-round bout at the National A. C. of that city. Jack McGinnis expects to knock out Amodeo and Champion Johnny Kilbane for a bout at the National A. C. in two weeks.

The Clermont Sporting Club of Brooklyn offers the "red" end of its boxing show to the victor in the long-awaited bout between the two main bout Mattie Leiby will take on Billy Masse, the track star. Billy Masse, who has been a great success in his boxing career, is expected to win. Jack Mahoney of St. Paul will take Johnny Herman of Ridgewood in the semifinal.

A match was arranged to-day between Bill Brennan, the Chicago heavyweight, and the two main bout Mattie Leiby will take on Billy Masse, the track star. Billy Masse, who has been a great success in his boxing career, is expected to win. Jack Mahoney of St. Paul will take Johnny Herman of Ridgewood in the semifinal.

Two ten-round bouts will make up the feature events at the regular boxing show, to be held at the Quaker A. C. of Brooklyn. In the first one Mike McCabe of Harlem will take on Barney Alder, while in the final bout Frankie Courtney, the promising Harlem lightweight, will meet Jack Smith, the fast Yankee fighter.

Irish Patsey Cline, who is to meet Joe Wellings of Chicago in the main go of ten rounds at the Quaker A. C. of Brooklyn, is expected to win. The other main bout will be between the two main bout Mattie Leiby will take on Billy Masse, the track star. Billy Masse, who has been a great success in his boxing career, is expected to win. Jack Mahoney of St. Paul will take Johnny Herman of Ridgewood in the semifinal.

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A big crowd of New Jersey boxing fans will attend the Quaker A. C. of Brooklyn. In the first one Mike McCabe of Harlem will take on Barney Alder, while in the final bout Frankie Courtney, the promising Harlem lightweight, will meet Jack Smith, the fast Yankee fighter.

Because the boxes requested more office to train, Eddie McMahon, matchmaker of the Empire A. C., postponed this week's show from Wednesday to Friday night. Irish Patsey Cline boxes Frankie Hommer, Joe Wellings meets Johnny Clinton and Charlie Leonard clashes with Tim Murphy of Boston.

Another new boxing club will open soon, its doors with a bang. The club is the Quaker A. C. of Brooklyn. In the first one Mike McCabe of Harlem will take on Barney Alder, while in the final bout Frankie Courtney, the promising Harlem lightweight, will meet Jack Smith, the fast Yankee fighter.

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## The Houghton System Caused Downfall of Cornell's Team of Stars

Harvard's Head Coach Welded Together a Machine That Was So Cleverly Geared That the Ithacans Never Had a Chance, in Spite of Fact That Individually the Latter Were Stronger Than the Crimson.

By William Abbott.

THE easy way Harvard disposed of Cornell doesn't make you feel any too cheerful.

Now it's serious business what Coach Houghton, the Cambridge magician, will do for the championship games after performing such sleight of hand work on a team that could outclass Cornell after being shown up by Tufts two weeks before.

From now until the Princeton-Harvard game Nov. 11 the Houghton coaching system will be widely discussed, and it was system that caused Cornell's downfall.

The Houghton system had welded together eleven players into an efficient machine that was so cleverly geared that each player knew just what to strengthen the team work. That is the purpose of the Houghton system, to feature team organization before everything else. And the plan worked so beautifully that Cornell never had a good chance to win; and yet the Ithacans had the better players, but they made the fatal mistake of playing as individuals and not as a unit.

One or two Cornell men would attempt to stop an avalanche of Crimson runners, who would simply make a wide path for the one with the ball. At times the Cornell men would attempt to stop an avalanche of Crimson runners, who would simply make a wide path for the one with the ball.

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formations and put up the best defensive game any of the Tiger backs.

The Princeton line from tackle to tackle, especially played a pretty game, though he had a tendency to pull his man down by the hair.

Winn and Funk, who substituted for Highley and Wilson, the regular ends, were surprisingly active, particularly Funk, who showed rare ability solving the Dartmouth formations.

Winn was good catching forward passes. Toward the end of the first half he caught a thirty-yard throw from Tibbott, the longest pass of the game.

The Tigers, on the offense, didn't look like a championship team. Once they had the ball on the Green's eighty-yard line, after a series of rushes, but were stopped short.

All the eleven possessed in the form of a scoring punch was a fake kick run by Driggs, quick stubs through the tackles by Tibbott and a modified triple pass, with Brown carrying the ball. After Ames went in for Eddy he attempted a few quarter-back runs, but the New Hampshire tackles were wise to this play and spilled it every time.

Judging from the showing against Dartmouth, Coach Speedy Rush will have a strenuous time strengthening Princeton's offensive before the Harvard battle.

Yale rather exceeded Blue hopes in running up such a big score against Washington and Jefferson, a team that twice defeated and tied the Bulldog in the last three years. W. and J. has the most complicated forward passing game of any Eastern team. Every man on the team has been drilled to receive these confusing throws. The visitors, finding their light backfield couldn't make headway against the powerful New Haven line, opened up with their aerial attack. That they only succeeded in scoring twice on these plays speaks promisingly for the defensive work of the Yale backs.

Glenn Warner's Pittsburgh team will have considerable to say this year how titles are to be distributed around.

All Oliphant, the brilliant Army back, did in the Villa Nova game was to score six touchdowns and kick nine goals.

Columbia came through its hard battle with Williams on Saturday badly bruised, but aside from Capt. Jeff Healy, who had his leg injured, and Ramondo, the quarterback, who had his shoulder wrenched late in the game, none of the players suffered more than a bad battering.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Oct. 30.—There will be only light work for Harvard's football players to-day, but to-morrow the coaches will get the team together and begin work in earnest for the game every day on all the variety timber under pressure of an important game. Both Capt. Dammun, who hurt his leg, and Dick Harle, who received a blow on the head early in Saturday's game, will be back at work this week.

Princeton's chances of eventually beating Harvard and Yale were not improved by the Dartmouth game. The Tigers were lucky to win. To intercept a forward pass and run sixty yards for a touchdown may be very exciting, but it's like depending on a 50 to 1 shot to win a race.

The way both sides shaped up, Princeton should have been beaten, but the false intentioned most of the Tigers won out by a hairline decision. Dartmouth was unexpectedly strong and aggressive. The Green backfield, Gerlach, Thibodeau, Duhany and Campbell, did some ground gaining that wasn't believed possible against the strong Nassau defense. Most of the longest Dartmouth runs were made around the ends. What was most disappointing in the present Princeton combination was the failure to beat the ball sharply, which has been a prominent factor in other Nassau teams.

Dartmouth fumbled seven times and not once did a Tiger pounce on the ball. As for Princeton it would seem that to separate Eddie Driggs from the team would be very like taking the carburetor from an automobile and yet expecting it to go.

Driggs not only made the winning play, but he frequently pointed his team out of impending trouble, made several good gains from fake kick

## PUTTING 'EM OVER With "Bugs" Baer

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## RABID RUDOLPH SAYS

AFTER a Guy Takes a Twirl at Golf He Realizes That All the Blanks Aren't on Dominoes.

Bob Moha is small, but you know it is easier to get a big potato than a little one.

Lot of towns are bidding for Washington's baseball franchise. Bugs in one town want to support a big league team when they don't even support their wives.

It's a wise bird who knows enough to stay in his own class. The goldfish may be a whale in his own aquarium, but he is only a goldfish in the ocean. The wise flea can have as much fun on a spaniel as he can on a mastiff. If you can be 300 in the minors and only 198 in the big circuit where would you rather be? Better to be a duke in the Class Z league than a peasant in the majors. It's a wise baby who knows enough to ask for waivers on himself. It's funny how many aces are deuces when you look at 'em twice.

RABID RUDOLPH.

In about a day or two Dave Putz will realize that his dialogue with Han Johnson is a monologue.

Got to give Manager McGraw credit. He's one graphophone that won't play the records they put on it.

Too! What a world of joy and bliss. To smack the keyboard just like this.

Aetioactoinimpkaspakazapp. Wurfklizurpiz. Whoo! Giddap!

It doesn't make the slightest sense. But gee! The feeling is immense.

Lake food that's off found in free lunch. There's ideas in that wordy bunch.

So when there's no aqua to be had, We like to bang 'em like mad!

Skimpilzrakimpilzrakimpilzrak. Gumblookgumblook. Whoo! Giddap!

This year's Carlisle team is getting a good one about 1923.

Amateur situation is getting complicated. Soon will be having amateurs, semi-amateurs and inter-amateurs.

Among the current boxing notes is that Army will meet Navy on the gridiron shortly.

Seems that Jess Willard can't get down to 300 pounds without looking thin and drawn.

All Carlisle wants is a little time. You ain't a freshman there until you've played ten years.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Sapp—Season wasn't successful in the American Association. All the umpires escaped.

Yegg—All good winter golf links have steam heat and revolving doo...

Slacker—Why not? Jesse James got away with it. Make it ten rounds with no decision.

Gyp—You said it. Shakespeare's stealing your stuff.

Wuff—Setting up exercises doesn't mean setting up all night.

Big Southern football game ended in a free-for-all fight. Thought that was the way they started.

NOT A SINGLE MEMBER OF YALE TEAM INJURED.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 30.—Well satisfied with the work of the Yale football team in most departments of the game for this time of the season, but not yet pleased with the ability of the eleven to block the forward passes of the Washington and Jefferson eleven, Yale coaches mapped out a still harder week of work yesterday preparatory to the four remaining games of the season, with Columbia, Brown, Princeton and Harvard. The team came through Saturday's game without a single injury, and the line-up this week will not be changed, except that Bob Bingham, the left halfback who was called home Saturday, will probably be back in the game this week. Braden is expected to return to the squad this week to fight with Jacques for the position of fullback.

SPORTING.

Boxing To-Night, Olympic Club, 447 W. 125th St., Tel. Stuyvesant 8100. Conference Smith Adams vs. McAlle Adamson 10.

To-Night, Clermont Sporting Club, Brooklyn. Fighting Billy Mike vs. Battling Levinsky.

TUES. NIGHT, Pioneer Sporting Club, Henry McElroy vs. Mickey Dunn, Adam, 60c.

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